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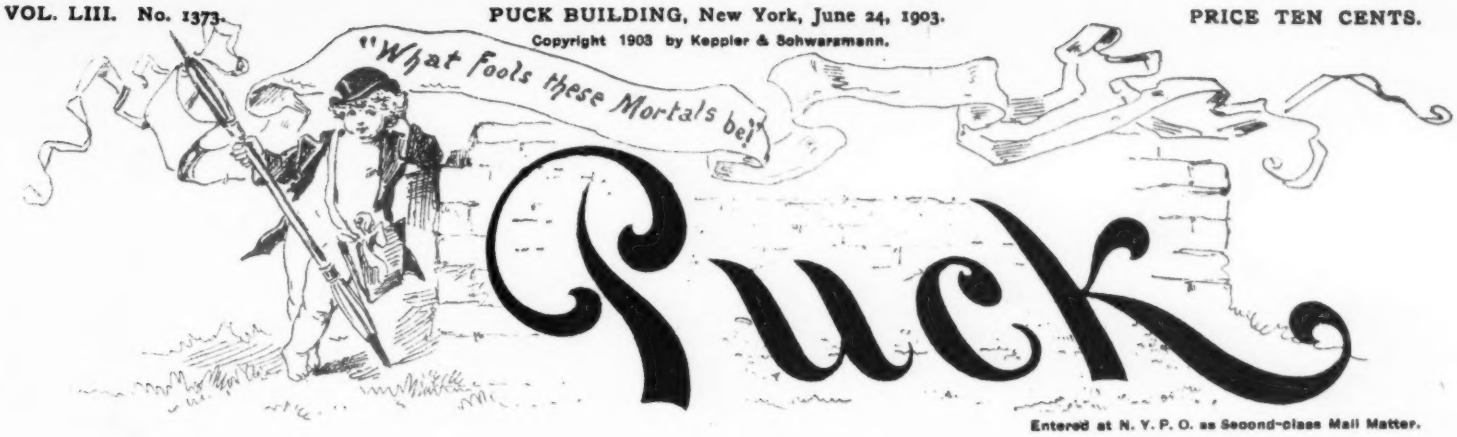

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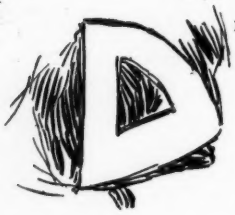
THE TRIUMPH OF THE BEAR IN THE WALL STREET ARENA.

A DIRE THREAT.

MRS. GAZELLE.—Look here, Willy Elephant! If I catch you stealing my apples again I 'll *box your ears.*

THE SEINER'S SONG.



E SALT bay breeze am in de trees,
De sun he soon roll up;
De peckah drum—Oh! Dinah cum
En fill mah coffee cup.
A lean hambone, a hot cohn pone
En a drop to wash it down,
En off Ah go when de flood tide flow
En de biggest fish am foun'.

A pipe en a plug en an ol' red jug
Half full ob extra gin;
En de seiner's song de whole day long
Am haul when de fish am in.

We drag all day 'till de dusk am gray
En de sho' lamps twinkle fah;
En den we row de ol' bateau
To a stake in de sandy bah.
De night win' blow fum off de sho',
Ah smell det bakin' pone;
De silber fish am de white fokes' dish
En de catfish am our own.

A pipe en a plug en an ol' red jug
Half full ob extra gin;
En de seiner's song de whole day long
Am haul when de fish am in.

Victor A. Hermann.

A DEFINITION.

"Pa, what is a fray?"

"Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."

PHILOSOPHY.

"My son," said the sage, "it has been observed by many wise men, and even by some fools, that enjoyment is rather in anticipation than in realization. The events to which we look forward most hopefully are apt to prove disappointing."

"But," said the disciple, "is it wise to anticipate disappointment and thus kill about the only chance of enjoyment we have?"

And the old man stroked his white beard and said he would think it over.

HIS ENVIABLE CONDITION.

REPORTER *(in the Mastadonastoria).*—Is it true, Mr. Goldwaller, that you have bought this hotel?

INNUMERABILLIONAIRE.—No, sir! It is not necessary; I can afford to be a guest.

THEIR SCHEME.

"It belongs to the Earl of Nodough."

"Oh! The chap who is just going through bankruptcy? It 's a wonder his creditors did n't seize it."

"Oh, no, they preferred to let the Earl keep it. They thought it might help him to catch an American heiress."

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"If you 'd let *me* advise you in this love affair —"
"Well, you see, Auntie, though you 're a good deal older than I am, you have n't had so much experience."

THEIR EXPERIENCE.

THE ACTOR.—It is n't easy to get an engagement even to go on the road.

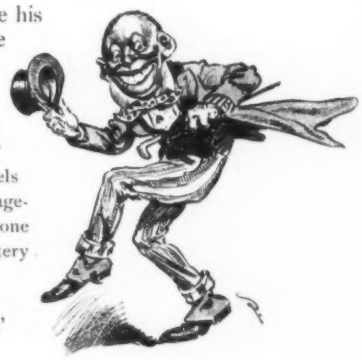
THE SOUBRETTE.—Why, no. Sometimes it 's as hard to get on the road as it is to get back.

APART.

The police were aghast at the fellow's *sang froid.*

"Why did you throw the bomb, anyway?" they asked.

"Oh, I wished to see his majesty apart!" replied the anarchist, with a loud laugh.



SHOULD BE SATISFIED.

THE FIANCÉE.—Sam feels mighty happy 'ober his engagement to me. He says he done hab drew de prize in de lottery ob life.

HER FRIEND.—Wal, in dat case, he oughter be willin' to stop gamblin'.

HIS SARCASM.

FARMER HORNBEAK *(in the midst of his reading).*—Wa-al, I 'll say for him, the editor of the *Plaindealer* can be the sarcasticest feller I ever saw, when he tries.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—What makes you say so, Ezry?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Why, in this week's issue, the department entitled "Local Intelligence" is only about three inches long.

OF COURSE, persons who are content simply to live have no need to live simply.

Some wives are help-meets; others, merely preferred creditors.

AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

SICK AT HEART, but hoping even while nigh hopeless, Mr. Hubby turned in at the stairway over whose entrance hung the all-too-familiar sign:

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.
EMPLOYERS OF ALL GRADES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Patronage of Domestics Respectfully Invited.

He climbed the two flights, and stopping upon the second landing mechanically opened the door marked "OFFICE." As he stepped over the threshold a tired-looking, but nevertheless alert man sitting behind the desk in the room glanced up questioningly.

"What—back again, Mr. Hubby?" he queried, with a weary smile. "Well, well! I thought I had fixed you for good. What's the trouble this time?"

"Oh—we did n't get along together! She's an awful hard body to please," murmured Mr. Hubby, diffidently. "Have you anything else?"

"I don't know, but I think likely," responded the agent, glancing down the page of the ledger open before him. "You might wait 'round a while, so as to be ready to answer any call that comes in."

"Same fee, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Hubby, moving toward the door connecting with an adjoining room.

"The same as always: one hundred dollars when the party agrees to give you a trial, and another hundred if the engagement lasts longer than six weeks," responded the agent.

Mr. Hubby continued on into the next room. He found the circle of chairs lining the four walls well occupied, about equally divided between men and women. Misfortune knows no sex.

As he sank into a seat he nodded to the person opposite; and soon he recognized a number of other faces in the sad little assembly. Like himself, no doubt the majority of the people present had been here before. One gets used to a certain employment agency and attaches oneself to it, forlorn anchorage though it may be, as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

The employment agency easily becomes a habit.

A link in this circle of despondents, Mr. Hubby was plunged in gloomy thought. Only yesterday they—he and his wife—had been so happy. It had seemed as though at last a good angel had come to their succor—a good angel bearing the homely name of Christine. Then, in an instant almost, Fate had again tricked them; and here he was, back once more at the employment agency; breakfastless, with no prospects of dinner, and with the sobs of his distracted wife echoing in his ears.

Yet he—they, rather, were willing to accept anything, just anything. Strange it was that in spite of such willingness they should be forced to fight so for bare existence. Himself—he could battle it out, for he could lunch downtown; but the picture of his wife's being condemned to eat her own cooking made him groan and clench his teeth.

The people composing the circle were like cowed animals. Only once in a while a flicker of interest was manifested, when the agent, sticking his head through the doorway, called one of the candidates into the office. Sometimes the candidate returned, and sometimes was seen no more. But in either case he was heartily envied, for he had at least had a chance.

"Hubby!" spoke the agent, sharply. Mr. Hubby sprang to

CRITICISM.

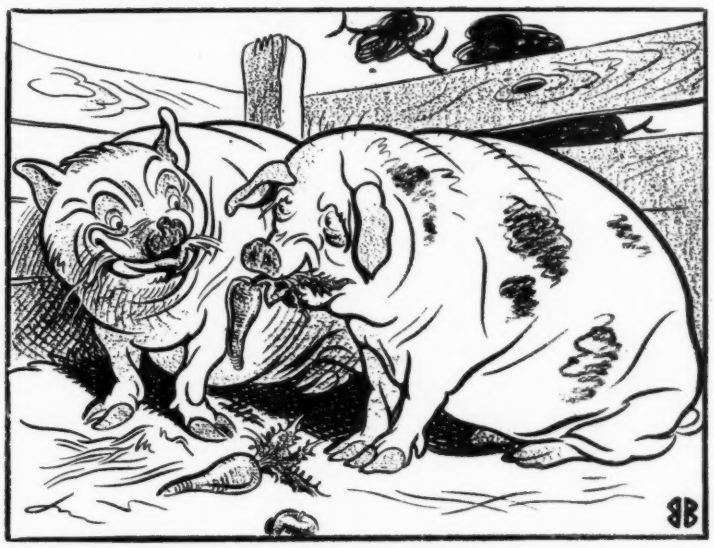
MR. HOLMES.—These cooking schools are not thorough.
MRS. HOLMES.—What do you mean?
MR. HOLMES.—They ought to teach the pupils how to treat dyspepsia.

A BORN DIPLOMAT.

ISAACS.—I demanded an apology from Cohenstein for calling me a tief and a liar.
ABRAMS.—Unt did you get it?
ISAACS.—Sure I dit. I jollied him into doing it.

INITIALS.

The Summer girl and Summer man
Have found the country free,
And registered, as usual,
Upon the old oak tree.



A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW.

MRS. HOGG.—My opinion is that they 're fattening us up to eat us.
MR. HOGG.—Well, I don't propose to lose any flesh worrying about it.

---

his feet and obeyed the summons—and all the room-full stared hungrily after him.

In the office he found himself face to face with a bent, wrinkled, bony little old creature, who looked him up and down out of her one eye, while her trembling, gnarled fingers held close around her shoulders her black shawl. Atop of her knob of hair was set a small bonnet—a regular bonnet; not a hat—also black, and of shape, and worn with that peculiar grace, which stamped her as Irish.

All this Mr. Hubby saw at once, out of facility born of much experience.

"This lady is Miss Maria O'Toole," said the agent, kindly. "I have told her about you, and she thinks that you may suit."

"What is yor age?" demanded Miss O'Toole; and Mr. Hubby observed that she had only two teeth, like two fangs. Nevertheless, she was lovely in his famished eyes.

"Thirty-three," he replied.

"How ould is yor-r woife?"

"Thirty-one."

"No childers, Oi understhand."

"No, Ma'am."

"Are ye wit' union labor?"

"Certainly!"

"Are ye a handy mon about th' house?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Is yor-r woife sthrong an' able? An' is she willin'?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed?"

"Can she help wit' th' washin', an' do th' starched paces?"

"Yes."

"An' wit' th' ironin'?"

"Yes."

"An' wit' th' shwapin', an' dustin', an' cookin'?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Do ye ate much, ather of ye?"

"One meal a day is sufficient."

"Ye don't look very sthrong, yerself. Are ye sickly?"

"Not in the slightest."

"Ye hould tin dollars a wake enough, do ye?"

"The wages cut no figure with us. Whatever you think best will be perfectly satisfactory.

"Ow! Thot 's rasonable. An' do ye expec' to use th' par-rlor?"

"Once a week, if agreeable to you. But we would not want to intrude."

"Ye 'll make all th' foires, an' impty th' ashes, an' scrub th' flures, an' do th' other dorty wor-rk!"

"Oh, yes! Everything!"

"Ye look loike an hones' body."

Mr. Hubby bowed, modestly.

"Well, thot 'll do, Oi guiss," continued Miss O'Toole, addressing the agent.

"Then you 'll take us? You 'll try us? It 's agreed?" cried Mr. Hubby, rapturously clutching the fringe of her black shawl.

"Oi?" exclaimed Miss O'Toole, with scorn, drawing back. "Oi? Faith, Oi 'm in no sich business, praise be! Oi 'm just lookin' round for a frind o' moine, in case she decoides to return from Californy an' go to housekapin' agin. Oi 'll wroite her."

"Yes; this lady is not a domestic. She is only acting for a friend, you see, Hubby," explained the agent. "She has your address, and she can communicate with you. That is all, now."

Dismissed, crushed, almost ready to cry from disappointment, Mr. Hubby went back to his seat. Failure, nothing but failure. Ah! what report would he have to bear to his wife, at the eve!

Edwin L. Sabin.

ONE WAY.

She always blazed with diamonds,
Regardless of expense,
And presently she 'd blazed away
To social eminence.

SLOW.

"At that rate," said his friend, "there is no telling when the monument will be unveiled."

"I should say not," replied the collector for the fund, somewhat despondently. "At present we have hardly enough to pay for the veil."

THERE ARE good, bad and indifferent people, and others who are the whole combination.

THE REAL QUESTION.

PAT.—Sure, I 'd lay down me loife for yez, Norah!
NORAH.—But would yez lay down a carrpet for me, Patrick?

Sometimes we have a feeling that it is up to the others to do unto us as they would have us do unto them.

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

ALICE.—Ethel says she really does n't know whether he will propose or not.
JACK.—Just like a novel, is n't it?
ALICE.—Yes; but, in a novel, you could turn to the last chapter and find out.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BOOMING PROTECTION.

THE Protective Tariff League is seeking the youth of the land. A letter it recently composed contained the following sentence: "A great number of young men do not look upon Protection as a vital interest to themselves and to their country." And it is such young men that the League proposes to reach; and to reach in good season, so that their first vote in 1904 may not be cast in ignorance. Presuming frankly that the League will spare no expense in its missionary labors, we can think of no better method of instruction in "the benefits of the Protective policy" than a series of European tours, personally conducted by the League itself. To send thousands of first-voters abroad and to pay their traveling and hotel bills while away means at first sight a fabulous and unwarranted outlay. But considered in the light of final results, the cost is fully justified. A visit to the commercial ports of Europe would firmly impress upon any first-voter's mind "the benefits of the Protective policy." The spectacle of American goods abroad, selling forty per cent. cheaper than they bring at home, would do more to illume the beauties of Protection than all the campaign literature that presses could print. The goods thus sold are not mysterious products that nobody ever uses, but common, undecorated essentials, like wash-boards, shovels, meat-choppers, clocks, lawn-mowers, fruit-jars and sewing machines. Then, to complete the education of the first-voters, it would only be necessary to bring them back and instruct them to purchase here the same goods;—of course with their own money, else the chief "benefit" be unappreciated. The process finished, there can be no doubt whatever of its success. And it would be success well timed; for, as the League truly declares, in the campaign of 1904, "the percentage of new voters may prove sufficient to turn the scale in several states."

THE CHURCH TRUST TO BE.

THE next twenty years, according to Dr. Hillis, will witness the formation of a Church Trust. Steel, beef, ice, coal and other syndicated products will widen their Community of Interest so as to admit religion. And religion, organized on a paying basis, will mount to its place with the Infant Industries. This programme, admittedly modern and progressive, will nevertheless compel a choice. Is the Church Trust to be "good" or "bad"? The Good Trusts, so often referred to in Republican platforms, are excellent examples of all that combines should be. They are kindly, charitable and virtuous; and following their lead, the Church Trust will make no error. To better the grade of religion; to increase the output; and to do this without added cost to the consumer or lowered wage to the producer will constantly be its aim—as a Good Trust. Bad Trusts, on the contrary, are so variously defined that one hesitates to classify them. And whether the Church Trust will be numbered among them depends entirely on its own behavior. Not being due for perhaps twenty years, its plans are naturally embryonic. But if, when organized, it is incorporated under New Jersey laws; if it sobs for protection from the "pauper." preachers of Europe; if it wars on independent churches by building next door to them, by giving more sensational sermons, more free organ recitals and better grab-bag values in fair week, attacks upon it will surely follow. Trust making, therefore, is not to be attempted inadvisedly or lightly; but reverently and in fear of the Attorney General.

TOOTHPICKS AND JOURNALISM.

MEN who supply the toothpick market have resolved to join hands. Announcements made in the daily papers estimate their total output at one hundred million picks per day. Consequently, the next announcement will appear in the Sunday Supplements. Summoning their mathematicians, surveyors and landscape architects, the Sunday editors will do their whole duty. They will do it moreover with particular zest, as the inspiring power of one hundred million picks is quite irresistible. And watching the supplements for results, we may shortly profit by their conclusions. It will surprise us greatly if it is not shown in a week or two that the hundred million picks, placed in a straight line, would reach from Booth Bay, Maine, to Walla Walla, Washington. Or that, built in the form of a sky scraper, they would cause the Flat-Iron to resemble a prairie sod hut; or that, concentrated in logs, they would provide New York with open fires for six days, twelve hours and thirty-six minutes. Some may even find a way to tip an ocean liner on one end and compare it with the toothpicks in platoon formation. But, at all events, Sunday Journalism will handle the subject in an adequate manner and Science, incalculably richer, will bless it.

IN NEW YORK.

"And what happened to the agricultural person who reported to the police that he had been buncoed?"

"He was sternly reprimanded and allowed to go."

MARKS.

"Ten millions in her own right? She has some marks of gentility about her, I suppose."

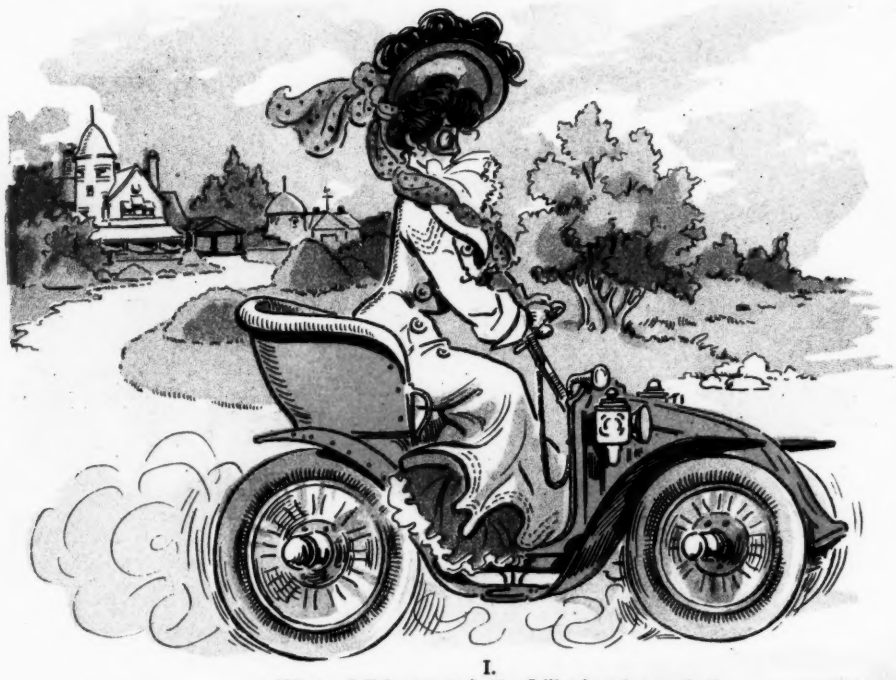
"A few. But, you know, the out-and-out marks are mostly snapped up before they get as far west as this."

THE PENNY IN THE SLOT.

Who 'd weigh himself, yet pay not,
Ingloriously fails,—
You do not weigh a blessed thing
Unless you tip the scales.

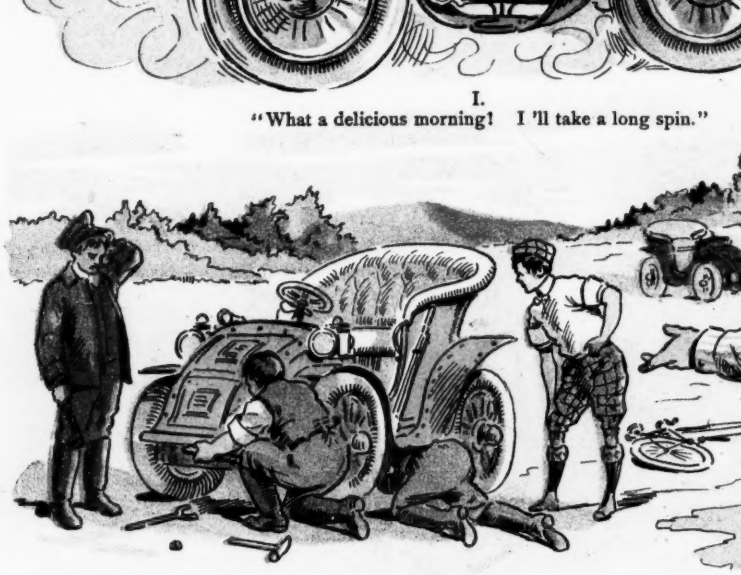
RETIRED.

"Sure, some wan tould me Mike Murphy was worrkin'."
"Nothin' av the koind. He 's a walkin' dillygate."

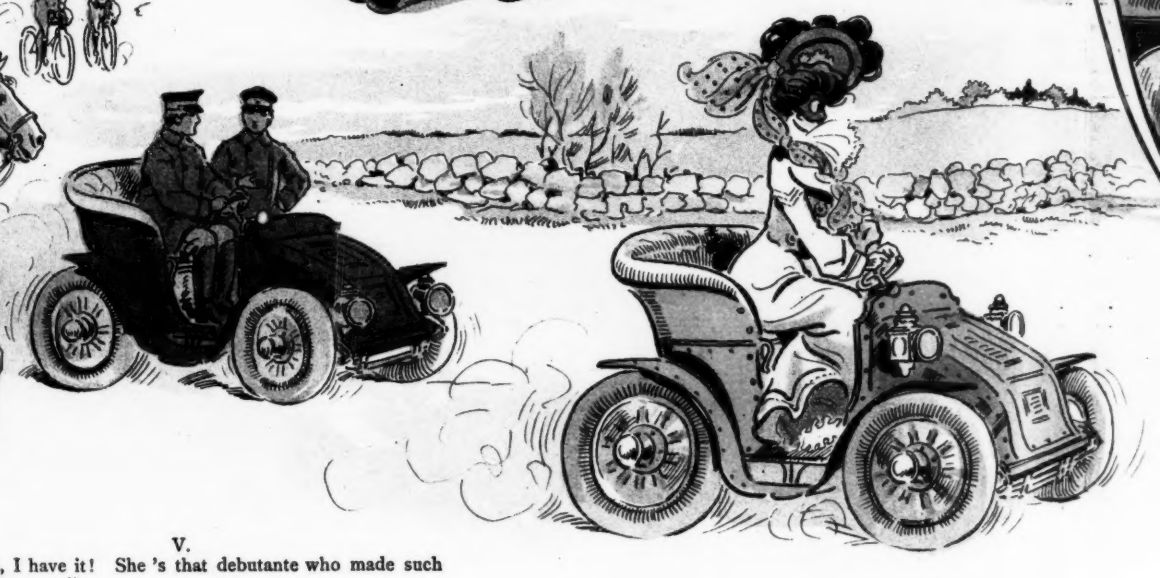


I.
"What a delicious morning! I 'll take a long spin."

II.
"By Jove! There 's a stunner. Let 's see where she goes."



IV.
"It 's really so kind of you gentlemen."
"We are delighted to be of service to you. We 'll escort you lest you have another break-down."



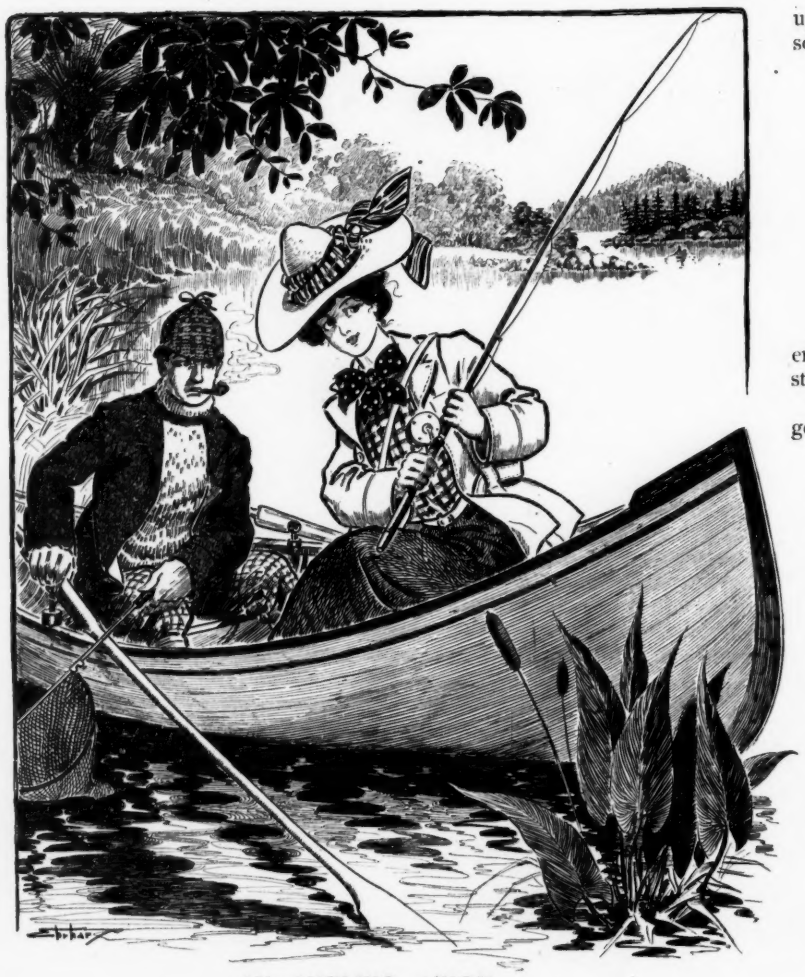
V.
"Oh, I have it! She 's that debutante who made such a stir last season."

III.
"My word! What a charming girl!"

VI.
"Gentlemen, again let me thank you. If Papa were only here, he would add his words to mine."

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

HAVE THEIR USES.



AN ANGLING AXIOM.

SHE.—I 'd like to land at least one fish. I hate to go home without any.

HE.—Why, yes. One fish is worth a dozen explanations.

ENTERPRISE.

"AND THIS is Mecca?" said Mr. Hussell, of Chicago.

"Yes, sir," said the guide."

"And I understand that pilgrims flock here from all parts of the East?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a great pity I have to go back to Chicago so soon. I 'd organize this pilgrimage business and make it pay. I 'd build a few railroads in desirable locations and I 'd corner the camel supply and add that to the combination. I 'd advertise pilgrimage excursions at reduced rates to adults and half fare for children. I 'd establish railroad restaurants along the road where you could get quick lunches at reasonable prices — that is, reasonable for railway restaurants. I 'd buy up a few bazars here in Mecca and hold bargain sales. I 'll bet those bargain sales 'd attract lady pilgrims from all parts of the East who never thought of doing the pilgrim act before. Then I 'd have a few variety shows, with a Midway or something like that, for the relaxation of the male pilgrims returning from their devotions. I 'd give free tickets to those shows to the—er—what do you call the Mohammedan clergymen?—so that those reverend gentlemen could testify that they were good, moral shows. I 'd—well, I 'd wake up Mecca! This Mecca pilgrimage is all right, but it needs somebody from Chicago to take hold of it!"

Wm. E. McKenna.

SPORT.

That the sport would be quite fashionable,
Shrewdly we surmised,
Since the costume was more hideous
Than any yet devised.

NOT QUALIFIED.

NORTHERN MAN.—Let me see! Is n't that Colonel—er-ah!—what's-his-name, over there on the other side of the street?

LANDLORD *(Paradise, Ky., Tavern).*—No, suh! That gentleman is n't a cuhnel at all—he 's nevuh shot anybody!

THE REASON.

MRS. FLINT *(severely).*—Why do you wander from place to place?

SOILED SPOONER *(calmly).*—B'cuz de places won't wander to me, Mum.

GIANTS IN THESE DAYS.

"He has been a giant in the literary world."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he has seen the time when he could keep five historical novels running serially, at the same time, blindfolded and with one hand tied behind him."

ALL HE WOULD DO.

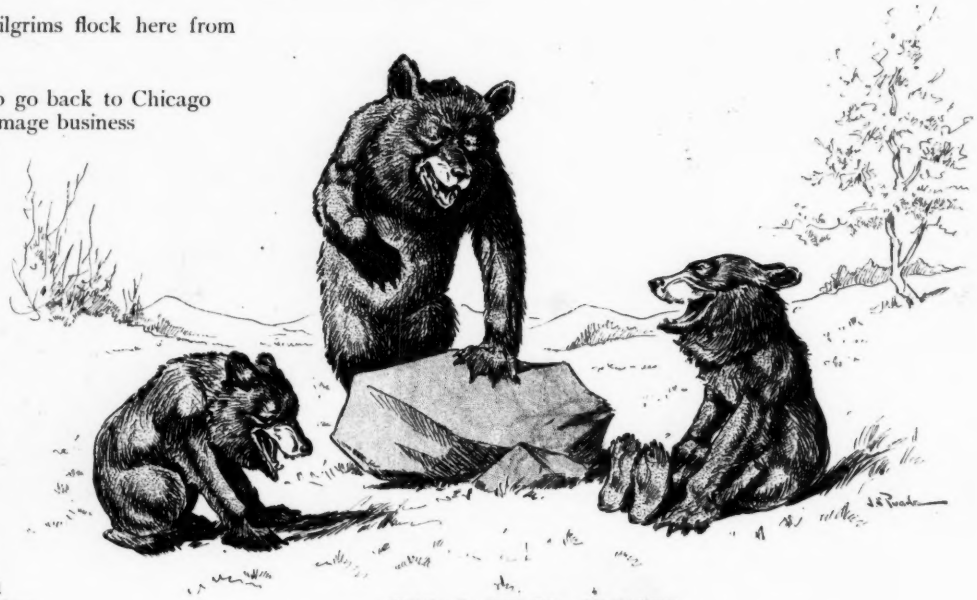
PASTOR MUNSON.—De chu'ch needs suppoht, mah friend.
PARISHIONER.—Wal, I 'm gibbin' it mah moral suppoht.

PREPOSTEROUS.

MISS GOODE.—You should try to break yourself of the habit of swearing, my little man.

JIMMY.—Wot! After all de trouble I 've gone to to learn it?

MAN EATS his bread in the sweat of his face. But woman, by eating slower and having more insertions in her shirt-waist, mostly avoids this humiliation.

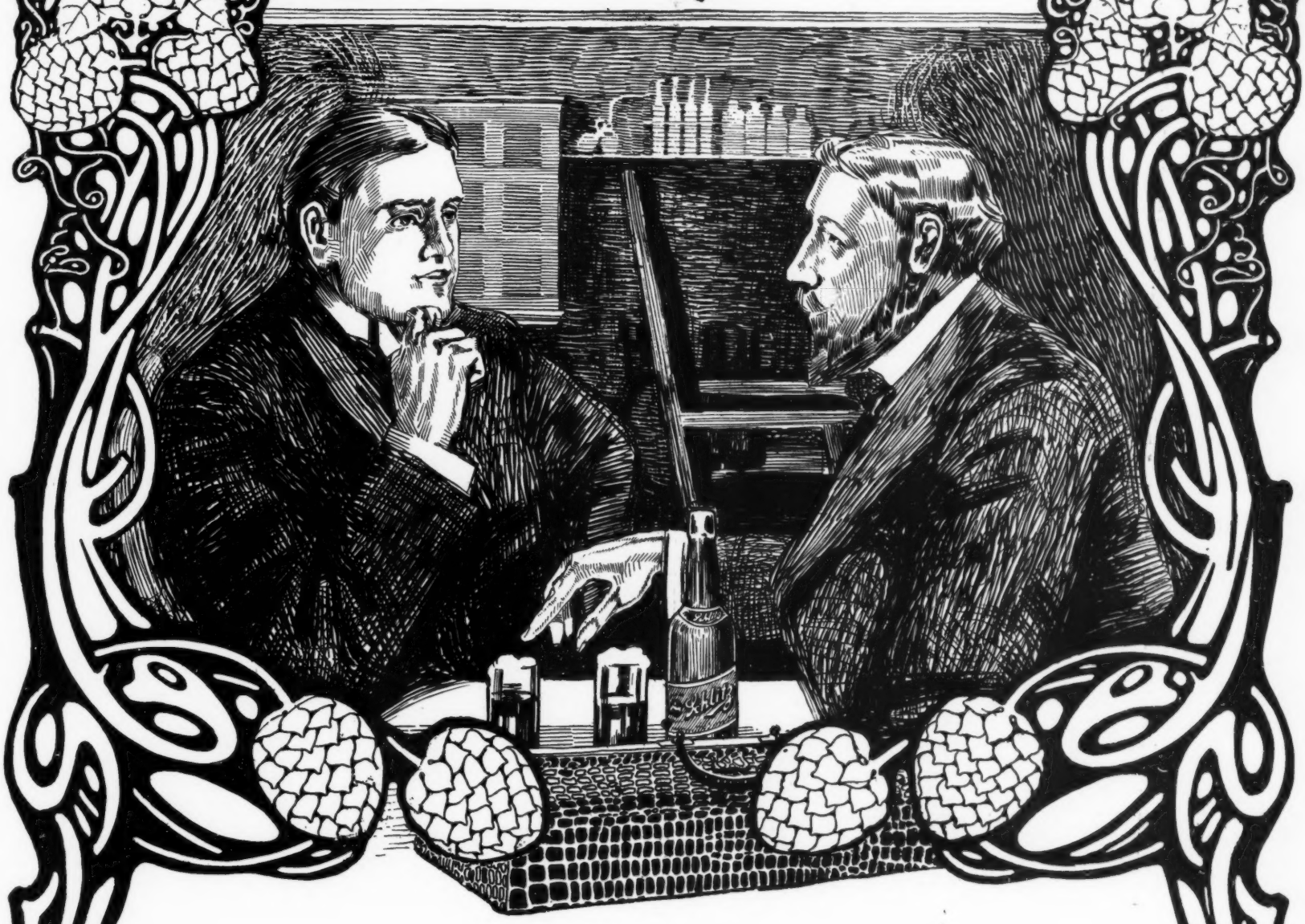


THE BAFFLED HUNTER.

"Ha! Ha! He was out for a day's sport, was he?"
"Yes, but I had it!"

Keep a brave heart! Remember that even the cuffs of fortune are sometimes reversible.

Schlitz



A Doctor's Reasons

Patient: "Why do you say Schlitz beer? Isn't any other beer as good?"

Doctor: "Perhaps; but I don't know it. I do know that Schlitz beer is pure."

Patient: "What do you mean by pure?"

Doctor: "I mean free from germs. Impurity means bacilli; and in a saccharine product like beer bacilli multiply rapidly. I do not recommend a beer that may contain them."

Patient: "How do you know that Schlitz beer is pure?"

Doctor: "I have seen it brewed. Cleanliness is carried to extremes in that brewery. The beer is cooled in plate glass rooms, in filtered air. The beer is then filtered. Yet, after all these precautions, every bottle is sterilized—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed. I know that beer treated in that way is pure."

Patient: "And is pure beer good for me?"

Doctor: "It is good for anybody. The hops form a tonic; the barley a food. The trifle of alcohol is an aid to digestion. And the custom of drinking beer supplies the body with fluid to wash out the waste. People who don't drink beer seldom drink enough fluid of any kind A great deal of ill-health is caused by the lack of it."

Patient: "But doesn't beer cause biliousness?"

Doctor: "Not Schlitz Beer. Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer that is insufficiently aged. But Schlitz beer is always aged for months before it is marketed."

Ask for the brewery bottling.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world.

"So you resent these hints of dishonesty in the government?"

"Most emphatic," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I've been buyin' postage stamps from the government fur years, and never got cheated yet."—*Ram's Horn.*

In Vacation Time...

Readers of PUCK may have the paper mailed to them for 40 cents a month, postage prepaid. Addresses will be changed as often as desired. Orders may be sent through your newsdealer or direct to

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK
PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

HARD TO PLEASE.

"I hear you're living in a flat now."

"Yes; we had to give up our house. It was too big; my wife was always afraid of burglars breaking in."

"There is n't much fear of their breaking into a flat."

"No; but she is n't satisfied. It makes her shiver to think how much nearer they'd be to us if they did."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A LEADER WANTED.

"They all seem to agree that Emerson was the leader of thought of the nineteenth century."

"Wonder if we will have to worry through the twentieth century without any leader?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SOME people know everything, excepting when the circus parade will be along. Nobody knows that.—*Atchison Globe.*

Flavor

Rich as the juice of the ripest peach is the flavor of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

It is pure from the beginning, and through thorough aging becomes the finest whiskey made.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THROWING HERSELF AWAY.

SHE.—Did you efer see such a fool as Miss Isaacs? She vill marry dot man, after all!

HE.—Aindt he got money?

SHE.—Yes; but dere 's anoder feller mit more money vot is crazy about her.

NO DAMAGES.

"Yes, sir," said the fellow who gave out the gossip for the settlement, "the editor lost his left leg by bein' run over by the fast freight, but it did n't matter much."

"Did n't matter?"

"No; it was his wooden leg, and he was traveling on a free pass!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AFFRONTED.

"So you have decided to get another physician?"

"I have," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "The idea of his prescribing flax-seed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are."—*Washington Star.*

EVERY ONE thinks that he must have been such an attractive baby that the only thing that saved him for his mother, was that there were few Gypsies in those days.—*Atchison Globe.*

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

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Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

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For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Seashore, or the Picnic.

Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

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Uproarious.

Some men go in to "take a smile,"
And taking more thereafter,
Indulge in what 't were best to style
"A constant burst of laughter!"
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

ITS ADVANTAGE.

"Why, a folding-bed leaves more room—makes you much more comfortable!"

"Er—a—of course, you mean when one is n't in it!"

Fortify yourself against sickness by keeping the stomach in good shape with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

Love thy neighbor and love the most delicious, sparkling Champagne on sale. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.*

Charley's Mathematics.

"Like a good many men of genius," said young Mrs. Torkins, complacently, "Charley is very bad at figures."

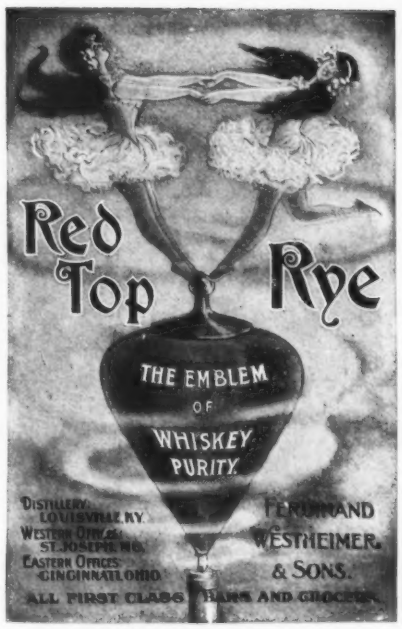
"I never heard it mentioned before," said the intimate friend.

"I never observed it myself until the other evening. But he does n't even know the multiplication table. He advances the theory that three fives amount to more than two tens."—*Washington Star.*

The fast man makes the poorest speed.—*Ram's Horn.*

Church is a mighty good thing, because some solo singers could not get hearing anywhere else.—*Washington Democrat.*

An Atchinson mother admits that the most difficult thing she ever attempted was to ask her daughter, the morning after her commencement, if she would wash the breakfast dishes.—*Atchinson Globe.*



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KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

FOUND WANTING.

STELLA.—Cholly has n't any originality.

BELLA.—Not the slightest. Why, I submitted his love-letters to three publishers, and they all refused them.

A half wine-glass of Angostura Bitters in sweetened water, soda-water or lemonade makes a delightful, health-giving drink for ladies and children. A few dashes in pure liquor, the epicure's delight. Get Dr. Siegert's, the only genuine.

IT is hard for churches to grasp the law that when they are dead they have to be buried.—*Ram's Horn.*

Evans' Ale

is to the Picnic what Hamlet is to the Play

Consult nearest dealer.

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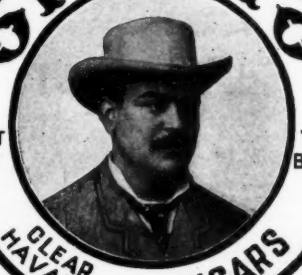

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Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

Reduced Rates to Atlanta.

Pennsylvania Railroad will sell account of the National Convention Baptist Young People's Union of America at Atlanta, Ga., July 9th to 12th, round trip tickets on July 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, good to return until July 15th at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus one dollar.

By depositing tickets with special agent at Atlanta, Ga., on or before July 15th and payment of fee of fifty cents, extension of final limit may be obtained to reach original starting point not later than August 15th.

WHAT GEORGE SAID.

"George has a new kind of automobile."

"Has he? I have n't seen it."

"Yes. It 's hydraulic, I think. We were all talking about electric autos, and steam ones, and gasoline ones, and George spoke up quick and said he was traveling on the water wagon."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Fine Old Ky. Taylor Whiskey.

We are whiskey experts, and guarantee to satisfy the most fastidious connoisseur

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WE WISH we were still of the age when we were not expected to do anything but grow, and say, "Please," and "Thank you."—*Atchison Globe.*

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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

A WOMAN acting as chairman of a meeting wears gloves. How would a man look?—*Washington Democrat.*

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Where every hour brings its several joys."

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This is one of the most complete publications of its kind, and will assist those who are wondering where they will go to spend their vacation this summer.

It contains a valuable map, in addition to much interesting information regarding resorts on or reached by the

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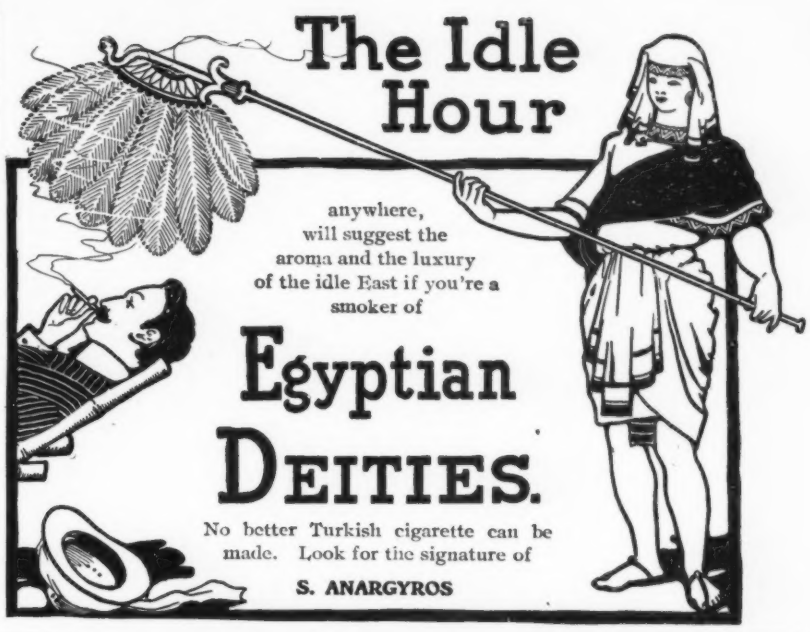

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

often includes a combination of wet feet, hunger, a light creel and a plentiful supply of hard luck stories. The lucky fisherman is the one who provides himself beforehand with the consoling companionship of

Dewar's Scotch Whisky

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HALF the world is sham, and the other half knows it.—*Washington Democrat.*

LOW RATE TOUR TO DENVER.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Christian Endeavor Convention.

For the benefit of delegates and others desiring to attend the Twenty-first International Biennial Convention of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, to be held at Denver, Col., July 9 to 13, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour to Denver and return, leaving New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, New Brunswick, Trenton, and intermediate stations, Monday, July 6, going via Chicago and arriving Denver Thursday, July 9. Returning the tour will leave Denver Thursday, July 16, arriving Trenton, New York, and intermediate stations Saturday, July 18. Special trains of the highest grade of Pullman equipment will be run on a fast schedule. Each train will be in charge of a tourist agent, chaperon, and special uniformed baggage master. Round-trip rate, covering transportation to Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo and return, Pullman berth, and all necessary meals in dining car going and returning, will be as follows: New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, and Rahway, $74.50, two in one berth, $63.50 each; New Brunswick, $74.35, two in one berth, $63.35 each; Trenton, $73.55, two in one berth, $62.55 each. Round-trip rate, covering all necessary expenses on going trip and railroad transportation only returning, will be as follows: New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, and Rahway, $60.00, two in one berth, $54.50 each; New Brunswick, $59.85, two in one berth, $54.35 each; Trenton, $59.05, two in one berth, $53.55 each. Proportionate rates from other points. Pullman accommodations and meals are included only while tourists are using special trains. Special side trips from Denver at reduced rates. For reservations of space, tickets, and full information, apply to nearest Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent, Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, or direct to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sherry and Angostura were served as an appetizer at the recent dinner given to the British Ambassador by the New York branch of the Pilgrims Club at Delmonico's.

No doubt, Sir Michael Herbert appreciated this deference to English custom. At all dinners of the "Smart Set" in London, Sherry and Angostura are considered quite the proper thing.

A WOMAN says: "Wish I were a man; I would do so and so." A man says: "Wish I were a woman; I would n't have to do so and so."—*Atchison Globe.*

FOR SALE—Undeveloped zinc and lead lands in the very heart of the Missouri district. Small tracts $3 a month. There are logical reasons why an investment in these lands will make you money, no difference where you live. Write for circulars and learn why. Address W. B. Sayler, Carthage, Mo.

HER OPINION.

"Shiver me timbers, Ma'am! Don't you think I 'm a sailor?"
"No, indeed! I dare say, though, you spin a pretty good yarn!"

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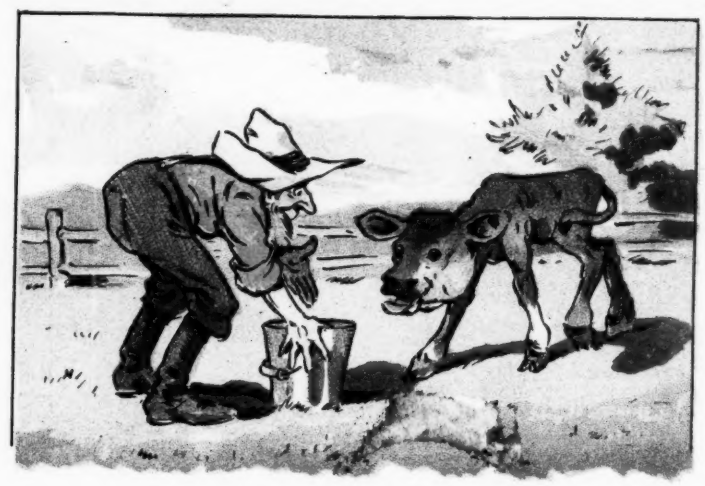

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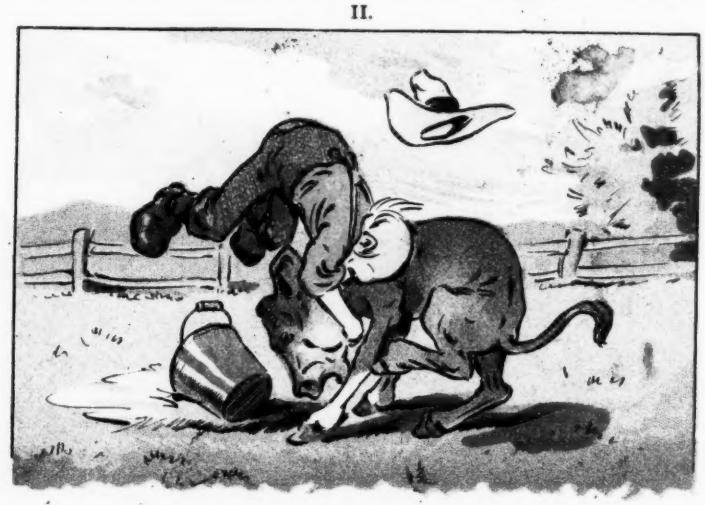

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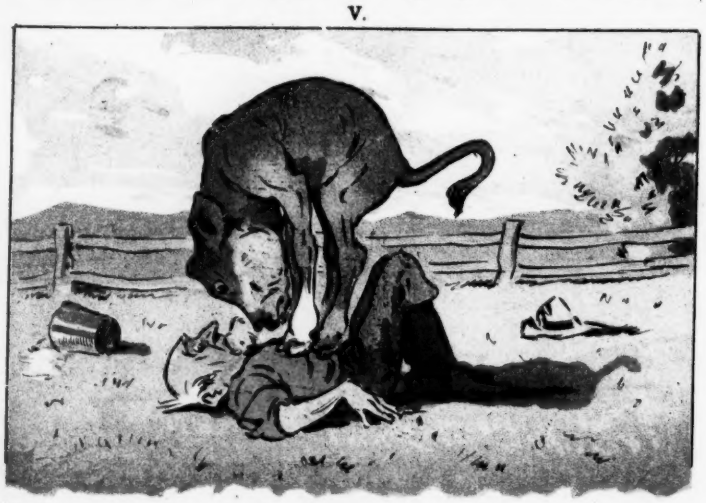

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